

THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

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HERE THE OFFICE SALLIES OUT AND ACTUALLY SEEKS THE MAN

The Real Exemplification of a Theory
Which Seldom Holds Good
in Practice.

But in the Case of Hon. Judge Alonzo
D. Burnes it Hits the Mark
Squarely.

It is not often that the judge on a bench in a strong judicial district so well satisfies the bar of his circuit that with one accord Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists and Bull Moosers who practice before him unite in asking him to again stand for election—yet this is the case in the Fifth judicial district, presided over by that distinguished jurist, Judge Alonzo D. Burnes, whose home is Platte City and whose district is made up of the counties of Andrew, DeKalb, Clinton, Platte and Holt—among the best counties in the great state of Missouri.

before a crowded court room and in the presence of every attorney in Holt county, after making a neat speech presented him with the following resolutions signed by every member of the bar in Holt county. They follow:

Their Unanimous Request

We, the undersigned members of the Holt County Bar, are pleased to express our high regard for Honorable Alonzo D. Burnes, judge of the Fifth judicial district of Missouri. We hold him in high esteem as an honorable man, a learned judge, always fair and impartial in his rulings, and zealous in the prevention of the "law's delays."

Therefore, Be It Resolved, That we,



JUDGE ALONZO D. BURNES

And this means much to Judge Burnes, for the action says that his services on the bench have been so satisfactory that all of the lawyers who practice before him want him to still continue in that high position. When one realizes that just one-half of the lawyers win and one-half lose in each case tried before him, the honor just tendered is all the more pleasing.

All Are Satisfied

As just previously stated, but one-half of the attorneys engaged in each case can win—the other half must lose—therefore the losers as well as the winners, realizing his absolute fairness and honesty of purpose and the fact that he has the knowledge of the law, want him to still continue in the capacity he so ably fills, and disclose by this action that they are always ready to abide by his rulings.

The ball was opened at Oregon in Holt county week before last when Judge Burnes was given the surprise of his life. He had just adjourned court for the term, but had not left the woodcock when Judge Samuel O'Fallon, who by the way, is a Republican wheel horse of that county, arose and asked that he defer the adjournment until he could present a resolution. Judge Burnes, supposing that was a matter pertaining to his court, readily granted the request, but was more than taken back when Judge O'Fallon,

the undersigned members of the Holt County Bar, heartily endorse Judge Burnes' splendid record as such public servant, and request him to again succeed himself in this high office, which he, by reason of his high attainments, his temperament and long experience, has so ably and honorably held.

Robt. L. Minton Frank Petree
R. B. Bridgeman A. M. Tibbels
S. F. O'Fallon H. M. Dungan
Wm. E. Stubbs T. C. Dungan
H. B. Williams D. W. Porter
J. B. Deamont Wm. E. Elisset
James H. Stokes H. T. Alkire
W. H. Richards E. E. Richards
A. Van Buskirk

The Sentinel Congratulates

One of the best indications of how these resolutions fit the situation is shown in the comment of that sterling journal, the Holt County Sentinel (also Republican), which editorially says:

The Sentinel takes great pleasure in publishing the resolutions adopted by the Holt county bar, complimenting Judge Burnes for his able and impartial service on the bench, as judge of the Fifth judicial circuit.

We are not a lawyer; nor the son of a lawyer; and may it please the powers that be, may we never be a lawyer, but what we have seen of the judge since his coming among us, to preside over our circuit court, we have found him the embodiment of all those qualities that enter into the makeup of the fair, high-minded, honorable and impartial judge—who knows neither friend nor foe, but the law, and to this he bows to the line. Neither does he

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EDITOR ALLEN'S NEW VENTURE

The National Swineherd is the title of a handsomely printed and well-edited journal devoted to swine and swine culture, which has just made its bow to the public. It is published at DeKalb and is edited by Mr. W. F. Allen, the well-known editor of the DeKalb Tribune, and the business end is in charge of E. H. Conley. It will be published monthly, and if the first edition is a criterion, its success is already assured.

IN PROHIBITION KANSAS

How It Is Operating in That Fair Land of Sunflowers and Statesmen

Enoch Chase had a peculiar experience last week while taking the logs out of the old dug-out on Mel Hick's south eighty. He ran across a joint snake down between the logs and hit it with the spade. Of course every joint flew apart and started to wiggle off. Enoch, just for a joke, picked up one of the joints and put it in a bucket and then slipped behind the logs and waited to see what would happen. In about ten minutes he heard a sort of low whistle and then a rustling.

The head of the joint snake came out of the weeds and looked around. It then made a peculiar whistle and another joint backed up and fastened on to the head. The head whistled twice and joint No. 2 came out, and so on, so many whistles for each joint, until it came time for the one Enoch had in the bucket. At its call the thing thrashed around in the bucket like a possessed, but couldn't get out. Of course, without the joint that fit, the snake couldn't get together.

Enoch said the last he saw of it the head had taken charge of one half and the tail the rest, and had gone off in different directions to hunt up the missing joint. Enoch got almost home with his joint when an automobile tooted down the road. This either scared the joint or it was the coupling signal, for Enoch says it managed to flop out of the bucket and get away in the tall grass.—Larned (Kas.) Tiller and Toiler.

THE WHITSELL CLUB

An Organization Perfected Which Has for Its Object His Election as Mayor

A Whitsell club was organized Thursday night by a large number of the friends and admirers of Dr. J. C. Whitsell, whom they will now actively boom for the Democratic nomination—which of course means the election—as mayor of St. Joseph.

Dr. Whitsell is one of the best known Democrats of this city and has a fine personality, which will materially assist him in his race for the desired goal.

FEW PROSPERITY HINTS

Just a Few Samples for the Republican Calamity Howlers to Digest This Morning

It is impossible to resist the temptation to print a few of the thousands of prosperity items now filling the newspapers of the country—and to print them for the digestion of those St. Joseph calamity howlers whose only excuse for such howling is their inordinate desire to break into office. Take this for instance:

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 31.—New Year's announcements of an increase in wages were received tonight by the 20,000 employees of the Ameskeag & Stark cotton mills, directors of the two corporations having voted for the increase in line with the action of various other New England mills. The

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NEVER LOST HIS NERVE

Felix Blakely Was One of the Gamblers Who "Worked the River" in An Early Day

There was buried in King Hill cemetery in South St. Joseph a few days before Christmas, Felix Blakely, whose early history in this section reads like a romance. There are yet men living here who knew him well, and some who lost money to him—for he was a winner in the times of Abel, Buffington, Argyle and others here, and was one of the best-known early day St. Joseph men. In the Atchison Globe appears the following interesting account of his sojourn in this part of the Platte Purchase:

When Felix Blakely, age nearly 95 years, died Monday night, a most interesting character passed away. For years he had spent the winters with his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Wells, at her home east of town, and his fatal illness lasted but a week. It followed a bad case of grip. The summer of each year he spent with another daughter, Mrs. F. C. Brown, at Leavenworth.

In the days when games of chance were popular, Blakely was one of the best-known gamblers on the Missouri river. He won large sums of money, horses, etc., and like all others, also lost. Born in Jefferson county, Tenn., March 15, 1821, he came west when 17 years of age. Seven men in the vicinity built a flatboat and floated down the Ohio river, where they took a steamboat to Blue Landing, Mo. The elder Blakely took up a claim near Platte City, and his son, Felix, worked for him until he was 29 years of age. Then he went to Nodaway county, Mo., and bought eighty acres of land for \$105, but sold this and took up another claim. He was married in 1844. Between that time and the Civil war he made a fortune at cards, and lost much of it. For forty years he was said to have had a hand in every big game on the Missouri river, and never lost his nerve. On one occasion he won \$5,000 in three hours. His wife was a careful manager, and took care of the large plantation, which had grown to 700 acres, with a large number of slaves. Blakely was one of the best judges of mules and cattle in Missouri. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted with the South and saw four years of hard service, although he came through without a scratch. He is said to have won \$30,000 worth of Confederate money, which was useless after the war. Besides, his place was all run down on his return and the greater part of his fortune gone.

OUT OF BABE'S MOUTH

The Truth Which the Mother Had No Desire or Inclination To Hear

They say that this happened on Conductor Harry Norwood's Savannah interurban car the day before Christmas—the morning after it snowed.

She was a very little girl, perhaps three years old, but she was very observant and amused the passengers very much by her precocious remarks in a clear, penetrating voice. The mother beamed upon her small daughter in undisguised pride.

Presently a woman whose face glowed with that artistic coloring which does not ebb nor mount, boarded the car and occupied a seat across the aisle from the little girl. The new passenger was not to go unnoticed.

"Oh, look!" cried the little girl excitedly—and even Norwood on the back platform heard her distinctly—"look, mamma, that lady has red powder all over her face just like you."

There might have been a moment of agonized silence had not the other passengers chuckled so loudly; there might have been two violent blushes had they not been permanently fixed beforehand.

"Look at the pretty snow, look at the pretty snow," said the mother, pointing out of the window.

SCHOOL DAYS

I watch 'em trudging off to school—
Those merry red checked lads
With tingling fingers, pocketed,
Till hips bulge forth like pads.
Dilapidated books are strapped,
And dangling carelessly,
And beating time to rapid strides,
And whistling melody.
They're calling names to Hank, and Bill,
And shouting loud for Joe;
And dodging snowballs whilst they pat
A ball that's fit to throw.
Lord! I don't envy presidents,
Nor time-worn financiers—
It's just a merry hearted lad
I long to be, and tears
That start as I'm watching them
Are no begrudging sign.
But just the sparkling memories of
The joys that once were mine.

—L. Duncan Cox.

SAID SO BEFORE AND STICKS TO IT

Speaker Champ Clark Will Not
Get in the Race for Governor of Missouri

WOULD BE ELECTED WERE HE TO RUN

In One of His Characteristic Letters to State Chairman McClung He Emphatically Puts a Stop to the Noise Made by Noisy Clacques Who Have Made Free Use of His Name in Order That They Might Work Out Their Own Peculiar Schemes.

When that great Missourian, Champ Clark, speaker of the national house of representatives, was in St. Joseph October 1 and addressed the greatest political meeting ever held in this city, he told a number of his friends here that he would not be a candidate for governor of Missouri—and he told them so firmly and decidedly—and still the proposed movement to land him in that honored place would not down. Every thinking Democrat could easily recognize the fact that Clark's place as speaker of the national house was a far greater honor than that of governor, and so could readily see why it was idle to think that he would surrender it to take the office of governor—but not so with those who had a purpose, or were too dense to discriminate between the two positions. Now Speaker Clark has settled the matter once for all by one of his characteristic letters to Chairman D. C. McClung of the state Democratic committee, in which he says:

First Heard It Here

Washington, D. C., Jan. 4, 1916.
Hon. D. C. McClung, chairman Democratic state committee.

Dear Mr. Chairman—Though you have never mentioned the governorship to me in any way, I write you as chairman—and this will serve as answer to all who have spoken to me on the subject or written me or printed anything about me in that connection.

The first I heard of the desirability or possibility of my being a candidate was just after the great St. Joseph rally, Oct. 1. There were sporadic newspaper articles on the subject, which I considered simply as kindly compliments by some of my good friends.

I have not been in Missouri since Oct. 9. For more than two months I was beyond range of Missouri papers and knew little of what was being said or done in the state. When I reached Washington I found numerous newspapers and a mountain of letters, most urging me to run and many begging me not to run.

Both sorts have continued in increasing numbers. At last I concluded that the matter was becoming so serious, not only for me but for the numerous distinguished gentlemen who desire to be governor, and particularly for the good people of Missouri who have heaped so many honors upon me, for which I am profoundly grateful and for which my children and my children's children will be forever thankful, that I should carefully consider the matter in all its bearings.

These Are His Conclusions

After thorough consideration, here are my conclusions:

1.—To be governor of our imperial commonwealth is indeed a high honor. Governor B. Gratz Brown once said: "Missouri is a grand state and deserves to be grandly governed"—a sentiment in which I most heartily concur. But there has never been a moment in my life when I wanted to be governor. Tastes in politics differ as well as in other things.

2.—If I thought I was the only Democrat that could carry the state, I would without hesitation and without regret become a candidate, but I believe nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I believe that any clean Democrat of gubernatorial stature can be elected, for the signs of the times at this writing indicate that this is to be a Democratic year and it is inconceivable that, with the country going Democratic, Missouri will go Republican.

3.—I feel certain that I can be of more service to our party and therefore to Missouri and the country here than in the governor's chair.

Your friend,

CHAMP CLARK.

Nomination Belongs to Wilson
A Washington correspondent, after Clark had sent this letter, interviewed him as to the presidential question, and when asked as to what he had to say in regard to that matter was quickly answered in this way:

I said everything as positive as I could in my statement in New Orleans. That statement said the nomination belonged to President Wilson.

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JACOB L. BRETZ NAMED

He Will Succeed John F. Minor as Steward at State Hospital Number Two

The first meeting of the newly completed board of managers of State Hospital No. 2 was held at that institution Thursday, the full membership being present. L. L. Chappelle and N. E. Huffaker, the new members of the board, took their seats and again a board with full membership was in charge.

Outside of the regular routine proceedings, the board elected Jacob L. Bretz as steward of the institution vice John F. Minor, who had held that position for the past two years. Mr. Bretz has for the past two terms represented the Fourth legislative district of this county in the state legislature, where he made a most excellent record.

Dr. C. M. Kimberlin of Clarksdale was named as staff physician to succeed Dr. C. L. Woolsey, who came to that institution three years ago from Brainerd. Dr. Kimberlin is from Clarksdale, the home place of Mr. Chappelle, one of the new members of the board of managers.

CRITES FOR LIEUT. GOV.

The Friends of the Well-Known Rolla Attorney Are Strong in His Support

Joseph J. Crites, a well-known attorney of Rolla, is now receiving a great amount of attention over the state in his candidacy for lieutenant-governor of Missouri. The Democratic press of the state is doing the handsome for Judge Crites, and just as a sample, take this one from John Knott's Hannibal Morning Journal. It says:

Governor Crites!

That sounds pretty good to The Journal.

The friends of genial Joe Crites of Rolla, Mo., one of the best Democrats and one of the best fellows in this or any other state, are trying to persuade him to get into the running for lieutenant-governor.

If he "gets in" he'll be hard to beat. The Times, his home paper, among other things, says of him:

"We say without hesitation that no man in the state of Missouri, who has never been in public life, has so many friends or so many intimate acquaintances as has Joe Crites. As head of the Pythian lodge of the state he has been in every county and has visited every lodge. He has made friends wherever he has been through his ability, generosity and his unfailing good humor. His remarkable work for the Knights of Pythias has brought distinction to himself and it has advertised his home town, Rolla, throughout the length and breadth of the land and has added a chapter to her history, to which we can all point with pride and reverence."

"As a lawyer he ranks with the best in the state. As a Democrat no one can claim a better record than he, and as a citizen he is above reproach. He would fill the office with honor to his state and dignity to himself. As Colonel Ed Harber, in the Trenton Daily Times, has so aptly said, 'He is most eminently fitted for the place, he would make an efficient presiding officer of the senate, indeed, fill the position with distinction, honor and credit to the state, the party and himself.'"

THE LAST DAY OF THE VOYAGE

(By Our Own Wireless.)

We were crowded in the cabin, not a soul would dare to speak. Lest some disputatious person rise and slam him on the back.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter, in a cabin to abide

And to hear the furious growling of the famished squirrels outside.

"Let's go home," cried Dr. Aked. "Say, you mind your own affairs!" Roared the voice of Uncle Henney as he staggered down the stairs. "Where's a club?" roared Berton Bralley, in extremely peevish tones. "Where's a club? I want to wallop this here fellow Ellis Jones."

And in less time than I write it, as Bret Harte's already said, Everybody in the cabin swung at someone else's head. But before all hands had fallen in the fierce ensuing fray, Inez Boissevain Milholland cried: "The squirrels have got away!"

Then each pacifist in terror scrambled madly for his room. And in thick and awful silence plowed the vessel through the gloom. And next day the battered party landed safely from the trip—But the squirrels were caged and hungry. Inez fibbed to save the ship.